

As Our Eyes Can See

by Ninnani

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Summary: Just a collection of non-related drabbles about Merida and Hiccup. Reviews feed the author.

1. That's a lot of Pillows

**A/N: This is an old one. These first few drabbles are going to be really old things that I wrote forever ago, so brace yourself.

**

**The style change might be recognizable. **

Reviews feed the author.

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><p>"That's a lot of pillows." Hiccup stopped in the door way, taking in the monstrous four poster bed in the middle of the room. It was four times the size of his own straw bed at home, and layered in blankets and furs and a dozen brightly colored pillows. How they expected him to sleep in it without drowning in a sea of fabric was beyond him.</p>

Merida just shrugged, unimpressed. She took his hand and pulled him into the room. "They're mostly for decoration." She explained, "My mum embroiders them."

"I made this one." She settled herself on the edge of the bed and picked up a small green throw pillow with silver embroidery. The thick lines of silver thread twisted into a simple knot pattern that ran around the edge of the pillow. Her long, pale fingers traced the pattern thoughtfully. Hiccup sat down beside her, watching a small crease appear just above her left eyebrow as she frowned at the pillow.

"It's not as good as her's. The stitching's too big in places and a bit uneven in some, butâ€|" Her sentence trailed off as she worried

the edges of the pillow. The little crease was still there. He wanted to smooth it over, reassure her that the pillow wasn't all that bad. In fact it looked great.

"Are you kidding," He blurted, "you're great."

She looked up at him in surprise, fixin her wide blue eyes on him. The crease disappeared.

His cheeks turned pink as he realized his slip up. "I- I mean, it's," he cleared his throat, "the pillow isâ€œ great, not that you'reâ€œ not. Oh Gods." He buried his head in his hands, wishing that he could actually drown in the wool blankets.

Merida chuckled, putting the pillow back onto the bed, "Thanks."

He smiled at her, bashfully, and ran a hand through his hair, "You're welcome."

2. So We Meet Again

**Merida meeting Hiccup again after his abrupt departure a few years ago. I wrote this after the first teaser trailer for HTTYD2 came out. I wasn't kidding about posting all of my old crap.

>

Reviews feed the author.

* * *

><p>"Hiccup?"</p>

The archer lowered her bow, blue eyes wide. For a moment she just stared at the boy in front of her, taking in the long, angular face of her old friend. She had barley recognized him. In her defense, he had been wearing a helmet, but Merida silently berated herself for not recognizing Toothless immediately.

The Night Fury had bounded through the tree line, apparently excited to see the red head after all those years apart. He had nearly given her a heart attack, his pink tongue lolling out of the side of his mouth, closely followed by a thin wiry figure with a dark mask painted red like something out of her one of mother's stories of faeries and nymphs. Now, the fury sat behind his rider, pale eyes watching her, hurt and disappointed at her lack of recognition.

Hiccup smiled crookedly and she could see him again, the scrawny little thirteen year old she had met while abroad with her father. "Hey, Mer. It's been a while."

The red head blinked, letting his words register. It's been a while? The words made her flush, and her brow furrowed in anger.

The look on her face must have been as frightening as his helmet, because his face paled, He stumbled backwards, arms raised to cover his face as Merida ran at him, abandoning her bow, fists flying.

"You no good Viking," she screeched in between punches, "You've been gone all this time, without so much as a letter telling me where you'd gone or when you'd be back and you think you can just show up here all grown up with your fancy little braid and your cheek bones and just say 'Hey, Mer' and make everything alright?"

"Ow, Mer- I didn't mean too, I'm sorry!" It wasn't like he had expected a warm welcome from the Scot, he had left rather quickly without saying goodbye, but he definitely didn't expect her to try and kill him. He grabbed her wrists, pinning her arms to her sides, effectively stopping her repeated abuse before she could do any permanent damage.

"Merida," She glared at him struggling to escape from his grip. He rolled his eyes, "Meri," He ignored her scowl, "I'm sorry." He said firmly as she tried to squirm out of his firm grip, mildly surprised at his new found strength. "I know I left without saying good-bye but something came up and—" he stopped, "Why are you looking at me like that?"

Merida raised an eyebrow at him, she had stopped struggling, choosing instead to look at him like he had grown a second head, "What on earth are you wearing?"

3. Out of the Frying Pan

A/N: This was inspired by a gif made by four-big-idiots on tumblr. She inspired a lot of these fics actually... and the story concept is a project that I'm working on for crossovergirl.

It's like a mash up of Brave and Frozen and Httyd. Merida has fire powers and she was raised on Berk. No one knows that she has these powers except for Gobber, who found her washed up on the beach when she was a little girl.

* * *

><p>Whenever the whispers grew to be too much or the jeering of the Thorston twins rang too loud in her ear -when she couldn't silence them with a steely glare or a solid thunk of her arrow skewering the targets in the arena, Merida retreated to the forge.

There was something inherently soothing about the engulfing heat of the fire roaring viciously in the furnace. No one would bother her there, not even the Chief's son, who seemed to understand her need to hide from the rest of the village for a while. He left her well enough alone, save for the side long looks and small smiles they shared whenever Gobber said something funny or strange.

She could polish her metaphorical armor and mend her wounded pride in peace before returning once more into the fray. Unless, of course, Gobber was feeling particularly chatty.

Not that she minded, but the older viking had a terrible habit of teaching you how to caste metal when you asked him for a sword.

"The trick is to get the fire going hot. The hotter the fire, the

faster the metal melts. And the key to heating up a good fire is in the bellows."

Merida never paid much attention to his lectures. She never came to the smithy to learn how to caste metal. She came to escape the vikings outside. If only for a little while.

"Oi," Gobber knocked her lightly on the head with his prosthetic hand, "Do you remember what I told you about keeping a fire going?"

Merida sighed, rolling her eyes. "The bellows." She caught Hiccup's eye and he smirked.

"No," Gobber hit her again and shook his mallet at her nose, "What did I tell you about the fire? You lot never listen to a word I say. It's in one ear and out the other." He shook his head, exasperated, "I lost a hand and foot, not a brain. I know what I'm talking about."

Merida blinked and looked down at her hands, opening and closing her fingers. They were rough and callused from years of target practice in the arena. She had tried her hand at throwing axes and there was a blister on her palm and a bandage around her middle finger. Hiccup had pulled out a nasty splinter the other day and had insisted on making a pair of leather gloves for her.

She had tried to protest, she would just end up burn them off eventually, and no one liked the smell of burnt leather.

She sighed, making two fists and looking back up at Gobber, answering his question, "If you give it enough attention, it'll start to burn by itself."

"Exactly," He patted her head with his good hand. It was a comforting gesture- reassuring- like he was telling her that he knew she could get through this. She had done it before.

It made her chest ache when he took it away.

She sent a small smile at his back as he resumed his speech on proper furnace care and how often certain steps are over looked. Hiccup sent her a questioning glance over his shoulder. He was cutting a sheet of leather for her gloves, the knife held deftly in his hand.

It was obvious Gobber hadn't been asking her about the fire in the furnace, but she pretended not to notice as she hopped off the bench. The ache in her chest throbbed, and she yearned to tell him what it was Gobber was really talking about, but she had polished her armor.

And it was time to return to the fray.

4. Finally Got it all Right

**A/N: Written for Mericcup Week '14: Day 3. **

**This was originally going to be in a full length fic that I'm working on, but I think I'm going to write a different version. I

just really wanted that whole Astrid mind meld thing and to sort or clean up the break up between Hiccstrid.**

In my mind, and in the event of Mericcup, I think Astrid would leave Hiccup, if only to save herself the heartbreak of watching them fall in love while standing on the side lines and to make him happy. So... here's one of my versions of the 'final' end of Hiccstrid.

* * *

><p>Hiccup sat on the edge of the dock, watching the sun sink below the waves. He had been sitting there since she had left, as if staring at the horizon line would bring her back to him. It was how Astrid found him, shoulders slumped, almost as if he had collapsed in on himself.</p>

The last time he had looked that small they were thirteen and he was in her arms, begging his father not to hurt a dragon.

"What do you want Astrid?" He didn't look up as she sat down beside him.

"How did you know it was me?" She frowned at him, dangling her legs over the side of the dock.

"You always show up at times like these. When I've messed up big time." He glanced at her, chuckling humorlessly, "You have this annoying habit of reminding me of what I already know."

A small, sad smile played on her lips as she watched him. He looked so lost without that red haired princess he had brought back from the main land. She had spent three days watching him show the girl around the island after the two of them showed up, soaking wet and nearly frozen, on the back of a sea-dragon that everyone thought had gone extinct a long time ago. He hadn't told anyone what had happened during the week he had been away, but Astrid was a good guesser.

He had looked at that girl the same way he had looked at her when they were younger. Astrid wasn't stupid. The fight they had the morning he left was going to be their last and she'd had three days to reconcile that fact.

"Oh yeah, and what is it exactly that you already know?"

"That I messed up. I messed up and I might not be able to fix it this time. I finally had something good and I'm letting her slip through my fingers." That stung. She winced slightly looking back out over the water. She could almost hear the moment he understood the double edged meaning of his words. His eyes widened and he looked over at her, an apology already forming on his lips.

"No, Astrid, I didn't mean-,"

She shook her head and waved off his apology. "No, I know. I wasn't exactly girlfriend material anyway."

He shook his head. "No, you were amazing. I was the idiot. She's justâ€¦ different. I've never met anyone like her. I feltâ€¦ happy around her. She understood what it was like to live in the shadow of what you were supposed to be and she never expected me to be anything

more than justâ€œ me. You know? I finally felt like I got it right. Like I really belonged." He took a deep breath before continuing. "She's beautiful and wild and free and now she's getting auctioned off to the highest bidder like a barrel of fish. She deserves so much more than that."

Astrid nodded. "So, what are you gonna do about it?"

He paused, turning to look at her and she saw his eyes spark in that way she loved. The corners of her mouth twitched up into a smile.

"I'm gonna go get her back." Without another word he hauled himself up and sprinted back down the dock in search of Toothless. Astrid watched him go and her smile faltered.

"That's more like it."

5. AU and Pregnant

A/N: A Modern Au I wrote for Mericcup week... I really don't like how this came out... I actually kind of hate it, but I'm putting it here any way.

I dont think I'll ever write a Modern AU again... this was so bad...

Don't feed me. I don't deserve it for this one.

* * *

><p>It was like she had sucked all of the oxygen out of the room with those two words. Granted she did that any way by simply being in a room, but this time was decidedly less thrilling, and Hiccup could only gape at her with his mouth opening and closing like a fish.</p>

She waited for him to collect himself, back ram rod straight, gaze level. She seemed almost unconcerned with what she had just said, but it was her hands that gave her away. She was worrying the thin piece of plastic with her callused fingers.

"I-," she hesitated, her voice wavering when after about five minutes he still hadn't answered, or made any sound actually. She wondered for a moment, if he had forgotten to breath, "I know it'sâ€œ a lot-"

"A lot?" His voice cracked and he cleared his throat shifting nervously on the edge of her bed, "Howâ€œ how far long are you?"

Merida winced looking down at her hands, still toying with the test, "Six weeks. Punz went with me to the, umâ€œ the doctor yesterday."

Six weeks.

Holy crap.

But they had been so careful. She had made sure they were careful. No fooling around unless they had something. That had been her rule and he had gladly followed it.

He blinked. "Wait. You told Rapunzel before you told me?"

She looked at him like he had grown a second head.

"Yes."

"Why?"

"She's my best friend, Hic."

"And I'm your boyfriend, didn't I deserve to know first?"

She gawked at him, "I can't believe you. I'm pre-," she stumbled over the word, like it had lodged itself in her throat. She shook her head. "Th_at's what your worried about? _Who I told first?"

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"I'm telling you now"

"Merida."

She glared at him, but he met her gaze with a glare of his own. She huffed, throwing her hands up, "I didn't want you to worry if-"

"You didn't want me to worry?"

"If it was nothing!" She raised her voice over his. "But it wasn't nothing, and I just didn'tâ€!"

He frowned at her, "Merida, what were you afraid of? That I'd leave?"

"I- I didn't know what you would do." She whispered, looking back down at her hands and the little plastic test she had saved.

"Oh no, Mer," Hiccup's voice softened. He slid across the bed and wrapping his arms around her, pulling her onto his lap. The gesture seemed to break the dam she had built and she fell against his chest sobbing and grabbing fist fulls of his shirt. "You know me better than that."

"I know," she said, her voice thick with tears and muffled by his shirt, "I know, but I just- I was scared. I didn'tâ€! I didn't know what to do. I'm sorry."

He shushed her gently, rubbing her back, "No, I'm sorry. I'm so sorry, Mer." He kissed the top of her head, "Don't worry. We'll figure it out. It'll be alright."

They stayed that way for a while, on the tiny twin bed in her dingy apartment, letting the gravity of the situation roll over them. Hiccup almost couldn't believe it. A baby. The thought had never occurred to him, but now it didn't seem like such a bad idea.

A tiny little girl, the spitting image of her mother laughing and running after Toothless across the lawn of the Dun Broch estate. The

same girl sitting on his father's lap listening with wide blue eyes to the legends of dragons by the fire of his house back in Berk. The image filled him with a strange excitement and warmth that bubbled in his stomach.

"So," she sniffed into his shirt, her hands tightening on the fabric, "y-you're okay with this? Are we really going to do this? Have a baby?" He smiled into her hair and gave a mock shrug.

"I think we can give it a shot."

She giggled and let out a little hiccup. She bit her lip to stifle the smile that bloomed across her face and ducked her head into the crook of his arm. Tears pricked at the backs of his eyes at the sound. A baby. He laughed, a grin threatening to rip his face in two, and held her tighter. A baby.

"Now we just have to tell our parents." And there went the oxygen.

6. Don't Encourage Him

A/N: This one was also inspired by four-big-idiots on tumblr. I think I took the gif completely out of context, but this made me laugh, so here you go.

****a dancing Charging Bubu is what Fergus says mockingly in the beginning of Brave. I learned that it's actually a middle eastern dance used to summon sea spirits. Idk if that's what he meant, but yeah.**

Enjoy.

* * *

><p>Merida wanted to dieâ€|<p>

Well, not really, but she wanted the next best thing. She tried to catch her mother's eye, but the Queen pointedly avoided her daughter's gaze, an amused smile painted on her face.

Beside her Hiccup was pretended to be riveted by the Bear King's embarrassingly exaggerated account of a battle with a Roman General.

"He would try to take a swing," Her father roared, swinging the mutton leg in his left hand, "but I would always meet him halfway." The leg of chicken in his right hand collided with the mutton in his left as he re-enacted the battle, the juice spattering the table.

"Romans are tiny little devils, they've got speed on their side, and they dance around you like a Charging Bubu, but the trick is to get them off their feet," he waved his mutton leg in Hiccup's face, who had to jump backwards in his seat to avoid being slapped and Merida wanted to melt into the floor. Fergus grinned, "_then_ you can have your way with them."

She knew it was coming, she'd heard the story a million times and she

tried again to plead with her mother to do something before her father finished, "Mum," she whispered, dragging out the vowel, but again Elinor pretended not to notice. Her mother's smile turned into a barely concealed grin.

"But this one was trickier," Fergus sent them a wicked grin, flashing a set of large crooked teeth, "He was a piece of work. I took a swing at the middle, but he jumped back, and I swear—" the twins rolled their eyes in unison, and mouthed the words along with her father, mockingly, "-it was like he floated in the air for a few wee seconds before thrusting his spear at me and gave me a damn good scar on my other leg," Merida groaned and buried her face in her hands as her father lifted his tartan to expose his thigh (and nearly everything else) to show off the jagged scare left behind by the Roman's spear.

"Oh," Hiccup leaned back, eyes wide, "wellâ€¦ then."

Merida swore she could hear her mother's tinkling giggle under her father's booming laughter.

7. Doomed from the Start

A/N: And now we arrive to the present day, where I sometimes rip out my own heart for no apparent reason

Reviews Feed the Author.

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><p>"Hiccup."<p>

He looked at her, green eyes filled with a desperate hope, and for a split second none of it mattered. Not her people, not the threat of war. It all vanished and she almost took his hand.

She took a step back.

She longed to take his offer to fly away and never look back, as long as it meant that she would never have to let go of him, of the freedom he promised. She wanted it so badly it hurt, but she had her duties. Responsibilities. Expectations.

Her whole life had been planned out for every possible outcome, none of which had ever included him.

"I can't go with you." The words tasted like dirt in her mouth.

His face fell, the manic spark left his eyes, snuffed out like a candle, "Youâ€¦ what?"

She opened her mouth, trying to find the words, "I can't leave Dun Broch." Her voice was small, barely above a whisper. "Not now."

She reached for him, hesitating, but he caught her hand before she could take it back. His grip tightened around her fingers as he pressed the tips against his lips.

The ache in her chest lodged itself in her throat and she tried to

swallow it.

"M-my mother is," her voice cracked and tears threatened to spill. She couldn't finish it.

His green eyes grew glassy and his grip tightened, like he could hold her together, keep her with him through sheer will power alone. She took a deep breath, "I'm going to become Queen and you're going to become Chief. People are counting on us to lead them through this war. We can't leave them."

He closed his eyes and said nothing. He just leaned into her hand and kissed her palm, but she saw in the set lines of his face that he knew she was right. She traced the freckles under his right eye with the pad of her thumb.

This was where they ended. Right where they began.

8. Whose idea was this anyway?

**A/N: I wrote this earlier this week. timbenderss over on tumblr posted a picture of her avatar and I was inspired. **

I have no idea why Merida needed Whispering Death scales. Maybe she needed them for another spell. Idk.

* * *

><p>The air seemed to thicken around them. The ancient trees of the forest surrounding the clearing groaned under the weight of something they couldn't see. Merida's eyes were wide, her tiny hands carefully cradling the bag of dragon scales they had collected from the floor of the dragon's den.</p>

Hiccup's palms began to sweat.

Behind them, Toothless stirred, rising slowly from the ground, lip pulled back to reveal his white teeth, growling in a low warning, green eyes scanning the depths of the cave.

They all took a painfully slow step back.

Why had she even needed the scales of a Whispering Death? Why had he even agreed to help her?

Because you can't say no to her, _nip for brains, _a voice that sounded a lot like Astrid filled his head and Hiccup couldn't even deny it. All she had to do was smile at him and he would do whatever she wanted without question, even willingly enter the cave of the most dangerous dragon on Berk.

A shrill howl emanated from the depths of the cave. A chill that had nothing to do with the weather flooded his veins and the hairs on the back of his neck stood on end. Slowly, he reached a hand out to grab her forearm, steering her gently back towards Toothless.

"Merida," He whispered, barely daring to move his lips, "We should-

He was going to suggest they leave, probably try to persuade her that it was best not to stick around and let the Whispering Death catch their scent, but she didn't need any suggesting when the dragon in question burst from the ground in a shower of rock and stone, screeching like the world was ending.

Merida screamed and Hiccup let out a shrill curse, his voice cracking in the most embarrassing way possible as they scrambled backwards together, falling over themselves to get to Toothless.

The Night Fury roared, standing his ground and getting ready to defend them, but Hiccup waved him down. "No, bud!" He yelled, grabbing Merida by the waist and shoving her up onto the saddle. He scrambled up behind her, wrapping one arm around her, holding her tightly to his chest.

"Go! Just go! Toothless! Loose it over the water!" He clicked his foot into the stirrup, opened the tail, and Toothless shot up without protest just as the Whispering Death reached them, diving at the spot they had vacated moments before.

9. Dancing and the Dreaming: Part 1

A/N: This is the first half of my 'the dancing and the dreaming' fic. I posted it on tumblr a few months back, I thought I'd cross post it here. It can stand on its own until I get my butt in gear and write the second half. This months been a little weird for me. My head is in a strange placeâ€|

* * *

><p>The last time Astrid had been on Berk they had celebrated.</p>

Hiccup's son had turned ten and the entire island had been beside itself. Now, nearly six years later, she was back and the tiny island was once again in a buzz of excitement and mead.

Little Bjorn was no longer very little and the Vikings and the Scots were once again singing and dancing together on the tiny island. Her crew had left quickly enough, eager for a drink and a warm meal after months on the open ocean, but Astrid had lingered on the ship.

Hiccup, apparently, had other plans, because he was walking up to meet her as she checked and double-checked the ropes just to kill time, arms crossed, cloaked in furs and thick leather to ward off the cold chill of the night air. He hadn't changed much while she had been away playing ambassador to the Hooligan tribe. He was still as tall and lean as ever. His hair was a little longer, his jaw a little sharper, with the beginnings of gray hair peppered in his beard. His face was stern, and a frown marred his lips, thin lines made sharper by the silver light of the moon over head.

"Chief," She greeted him coolly as his mismatched footsteps reached her. She looked up from her anchor hitch. His frown deepened, making the gray all the more prominent.

"Captain."

She raised an eyebrow and stood, placing her hands on her hips, looking him up and down. He was skinnier up close, without the shadows and the thick furs to give him the illusion of mass. "You've gotten fat, Hic."

The grin he had managed to hold back exploded across his face. His laugh was like riding with Stormfly through the stone pillars, or cold nights at sea spent huddled around their dragons. The hug he pulled her into was even better.

She hadn't realized just how much she had missed him until that moment. It was like taking a breath she hadn't realize she had been holding. She wrapped her arms around him tightly.

"I've missed you, Astrid." He murmured before holding her at arms length to look her over, a lopsided grin still lodged on his face, "You look good. Merida's been asking for you." His grin slipped a fraction of an inch, "We thought you weren't going to come."

Astrid hesitated. She hadn't planned on it, but she couldn't bring herself to tell him no. So she just rolled her eyes and punched him in the shoulder, "Of course I was. I wouldn't miss the little terror's 16th birthday."

Hiccup grinned at her, rubbing his shoulder, and together they walked up the familiar path through the wooden houses.

She asked about the village and he told her a story about Bjorn and his friends, a nest of Terrible Terrors and shipment of wheat from the mainland, laughing despite his exasperated tone.

He asked about the colonies in the North and she regaled him with tales of her adventures island hopping in the Nordic Sea and pretended not to notice the wistful look in his eyes and blamed it on the light from the Mead Hall.

Music filled the air as they made their way up the dirt path. The doors and windows were thrown open, the warm light of the fire spilling out over the windowsills and down the front steps onto the dirt road at their feet.

Inside, the Scots led the Vikings in a vigorous song about a Bear Queen and her daughter. Their voices echoed through the night, stumbling out the door like drunken sailors as they walked into the hall.

The tables had been shoved back towards the walls. Vikings and Scots sat in chairs and on tables, eating and drinking and dancing and singing along to Scottish men wailing on the bagpipes.

Merida and her son were in the center of the hall, spinning and twirling together in time to the thunderous clapping reverberating through the hall. Her cheeks were flushed and she was laughing a full body laugh, with her head thrown back and her shoulders shaking, at something Bjorn had said.

When she saw them standing in the door her grin widened and Astrid was struck by how young she looked despite her years. She was contagious, filling the hall a wild delight as she turned back and

led them all in the singing of another song about three little boys and an elf king, and Astrid found herself smiling back in spite of herself. Laugh lines decorated her face and her hair was peppered with gray, but crows feet and silver hairs made more prominent by the glow of the torches did nothing to dull her spark.

Beside her, Hiccup grinned like he hadn't seen her in years. Like the twenty minutes spent walking back up the docks with Astrid was far too much time spent away from her. Astrid's smile softened.

"You look good too, Hic." She said.

Hiccup tore his gaze away from his wife, blinking at her,
"What?"

Astrid snorted and shook her head, "I said you look good. You look happy."

He smiled at her, looking back at Merida. There was a fondness in his green eyes that filled Astrid with a warmth that surprised her even after all these years.

"She makes me happy."

* * *

><p>Reviews feed the author!
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End
file.